

midnight talk. Next morning Churchill called Britain's top military men to an emergency Cabinet meeting—the first time the Cabinet has been summoned on a Sunday in nearly seven years. The Cabinet made the reluctant decision that they could not send either troops or planes to help the harassed French.

Arriving in Geneva, Dulles set his jaw grimly, and did his best to re-establish an air of Western determination. He dismissed talk of partitioning Indo-China, a notion to which the British have clung. "The only partition I would favor," said Dulles, "would be to set apart a place way up north, about the size of this room, and lock up all the Communists there."

Balky Ally. Next day a weary Bidault arrived in Geneva only hours before the conference opened. Behind him there was more trouble. Bao Dai had balked at the last minute. Too many people in France were talking of dealing with the Viet Minh and partitioning his country, said Bao Dai and he refused to sign the treaties establishing Viet Nam's independence, which the French had hopefully expected would take from their war the taint of colonialism before Geneva opened.

As the conference opened, the West managed to bypass temporarily the question of Red China's status by getting agreement that the chairmanship would rotate among Russia, Britain and a neutral—Thailand. The week's events, however grim, had brought the West to a closer understanding of the peril, if to no agreement on what was to be done about it. On Geneva's first day, Georges Bidault asked dramatically for a truce long enough for the French to evacuate Dien-bienphu's 1,500 wounded. He appealed "to the conscience of the civilized world . . . to save from the hazards of combat the men who no longer can take part in it because they have already shed their blood. May my appeal, issued from this high place of peace, be heard."

The Unhelpful Indians

The scene: India's Upper House of Parliament. The issue: U.S. airlift of French reinforcements across Asia to Indo-China. The question from the floor: Would the U.S. Globemasters "transgress" Indian territory? Prime Minister Nehru's reply: "It has been the policy of the government for the past six years not to allow foreign troops to pass through or fly over India." There was indeed such an Indian policy, but Nehru chose to restate it in a desperate hour when his remarks would give sharp offense to the U.S. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Parliament got the point; M.P.s cheered him wildly, and newspapers headlined NEHRU'S AIR BAN round the world.

Two days later Nehru defined the war in Indo-China to his own satisfaction: "The conflict is in its origin and essential character a movement of resistance to colonialism." Nehru rounded off his oration by saying the U.S. threatened the peace of Southeast Asia. He had nothing to say about Red China.

The Whistler

At dusk one day last February, a middle-aged, professorial sort of man opened the door of his neat, middle-class Frankfurt apartment to a stranger. "Are you Herr Okolovich?" asked the caller, in perfectly accented German. "I am." "Then I must talk to you privately. It is most important." Herr Okolovich ushered the stranger in and offered him a cup of tea. It was brusquely declined. A moment later, switching from German to Russian, the stranger told Herr Okolovich his name and business: "I am Captain Khokhlov of the MVD, and I have been ordered to kill you."

Last week, before a battery of microphones, cameras and newsmen in a U.S. Government office at Bonn, Captain Khokhlov, 31, told why he had failed to



MVD CAPTAIN KHOKHLOV (WITH FAMILY)
With poison and conscience.

carry out his murder assignment. The stated reason was simple enough: "A conflict between Soviet intelligence, which tried to force me to commit criminal acts, and my conscience"; but the facts leading up to it made a story that sounded like a collaboration of Graham Greene and E. Phillips Oppenheim.

As a young man in Moscow and a dutiful member of the Young Communist League Organization in the late '30s, Nikolai Khokhlov was only interested in becoming an actor and eventually a movie director. He played a few bits in Russian plays and movies, and even made himself a small reputation on the variety stage as an "artistic whistler." When the Nazis invaded Russia, he volunteered for front-line duty, but was rejected because of bad eyes. As the Nazis drew near to Moscow, however, Khokhlov was recruited, along with many other young actors and artists, by the NKVD (the MVD of the time) to fight a rear-guard guerrilla action in case

the city fell. From then on, he was in the secret police to stay.

Dirty Missions. Under a host of different names and forged passports, he was sent from one European country to another and ordered to use his actor's skill to pass himself off as a native. In 1943, by his own account, he directed the assassination of German *Gauleiter* Wilhelm Kube in Minsk. After a hasty cram course in German, he was planted in a camp for German P.W.s. In 1947, he was granted Rumanian citizenship under the name Stanislaw Lewandowski. But for all his success and all his skill, Khokhlov was far from happy as an undercover agent. "I got into Soviet intelligence when my country was at war," he explained last week. "At that time, I considered it my patriotic duty . . . but the war ended, and I was used not only for matters of defense of my country but also for missions which had nothing to do with defense. They were dirty missions."

Once Khokhlov tried to quit the MVD but failed. Another time he refused to undertake a mission involving murder. His bulwark and supporter in such bold actions, according to Khokhlov, was his wife Yanina. She was a young construction engineer and a Roman Catholic. Tears formed in Khokhlov's eyes last week as he talked of her: "She helped me to understand that there exists in the world real decency, and that there is such a thing as purity of motive."

One day last October, Khokhlov was summoned to the headquarters of MVD's grim Ninth *Otdel*, the "terror and diversion" section now under the direct supervision of taciturn Alexander Panyushkin, onetime (1947-52) Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. He was told to proceed to Frankfurt, there to assassinate one Georgi Okolovich, a big shot in the right-wing Russian expatriate organization, NTS, whose Berlin director, Dr. Alexander Trushnovich, was brutally abducted from West Berlin by Communists a fortnight ago (TIME, April 26). Khokhlov said that he went home to talk the matter over with his wife, and both decided that a second refusal of an assignment would mean certain death for Khokhlov, for Yanina and for their year-old son.

Khokhlov suggested that he might go on the mission and let somebody else do the actual killing, but Yanina was adamant. "If this man is killed, you will be the assassin," she said. "I can't remain the wife of a husband who is an assassin." Together they decided that Khokhlov must go on the mission and then defect. "I asked her," he said, "if she realized what awaited her if I 'went West.' She knew, and it in no way altered her decision."

After their momentous decision was made, Khokhlov's problem became simply one of following orders—up to the crucial point. With two East German Communists who were to serve as his assistants, Khokhlov went to work. The Germans went through refresher courses in judo, marksmanship and automobile driving. Khokhlov pored over maps of Frankfurt,

studied brochures on the NTS and conferred with his boss, Parushkin, over weapons and methods.

A Mere Squeeze. The weapons decided on for Khokhlov's mission were specially designed and built according to MVD specifications. As displayed for newsmen in Bonn last week, they were enough to send chills down the hardest mystery-lover's spine. Two were tiny derringer-like pistols, small enough to fit in the palm of the hand. Two were machines of the same type concealed in leather cigarette cases. Fired by flashlight batteries and equipped with expansion chambers to absorb the shock wave, they were almost noiseless, and each was equipped to fire three kinds of bullets: small lead pellets for merely stunning victims, nicked-steel bullets that proved capable of penetrating 2 1/2 in.

of pine board at 24 ft., and dum-dum shot, and with cyanide and gum.

The cigarette cases were designed to fire when the lid was open, exposing what looked like a full pack of cigarettes. But the cigarettes were only butt-length tips; behind them was the mechanism designed to fire a charge of poison into a man's bloodstream by a mere squeeze of the finger at the point where the case was naturally held in proffering a smoke.

The mid-January preparations were all made, but Khokhlov was forced to cool his heels in Moscow for almost a month because the Berlin Conference was going on, and Moscow wanted no untoward incidents. At last, however, the day was set, and Khokhlov set off for Frankfurt, not to kill his victim but to ask his help.

After telling his story to his intended victim, he was persuaded to turn himself over to U.S. agents in Germany. His rendezvous with his East German accomplices was kept by U.S. agents instead, who found the two assistant assassins only too happy to defect themselves. This was in February. Ever since then, until Khokhlov's story was made public last week, American intelligence officers and their British counterparts had been cross-questioning him and cross-checking his story, until a 4 ft. dossier was assembled and they were satisfied that what the ex-MVDemon told them was the truth—as far as it went.

There were still, however, some blank spaces in the Khokhlov case. Few competent observers, for instance, could bring themselves to believe that a guilty con-

THE FRONTIER OF HATRED

Trouble Gathers on the Arab-Israeli Border

A British royal commission investigating the struggle between Arab and Israeli 17 years ago arrived at a tragic conclusion. "Fundamentally," said the Peel Report of 1937, "it is a conflict of right with right." Last week—one world war and one local war later—the judgment was still valid. The Jews were right, because 4,000 years ago the narrow strip of Palestine, where 1,670,000 today carve out their earthly Zion, became the cradle of their culture and religion. The Arabs were right, because for more than 1,000 years the land had been theirs.

The Arab-Israeli war, which the Arabs lost but the Jews did not win, ended only on paper. In five years of truce, some 500 Israelis and an uncounted number of Arabs have been killed or wounded in fierce border clashes which the U.N. and its armistice teams are powerless to prevent. Some in recent months have assumed the gory proportion of massacres—Kibya last October, when Jews killed 53 helpless Arabs, Scorpion Pass last March, when Arabs slew eleven helpless Jews. But those are only larger, remembered episodes in a situation that is worsening rapidly. Last week TIME correspondents concluded tours on opposite sides of the border between Israel and Jordan.

From the Israeli side, Contributing Editor Sam Halper cabled:

As night fell on Mishmar Ayalon, a frontier settlement which stretches to the Jordan wire, 20 miles northwest of Jerusalem, a tired, unshaven man, coated with the dirt of the field, picked up his Sten gun and climbed to the roof of his house. The village generator, silent all day to save fuel, started to put-put, and 73 floodlights splashed light across the rocky fields. So began another night in the siege without respite that has been going on for five years.

The man on the roof peered towards the rude enclosure where the village's sheep were penned. He was the shepherd of Mishmar Ayalon, and the Sten gun his crook. Since 1951, six of Mishmar Ayalon's men had been killed by bullets out of the night. The villagers took to arms and appointed as their captain Shmuel Schiff, a wiry youth with a hussar mustache.

One night I joined Shmuel Schiff as he made his watchman's rounds. We stumbled through the dark across whirls of rusty barbed wire, past shoebox houses pock-marked with bullet holes. He poked his pistol at the heavy-meshed windows, to make sure that they were strong enough to keep out hand grenades. A rifle barked in the distance. We turned about at the end of the village near an abandoned house. A widow had lived there until one morning last June, when three men poked dynamite underneath the floor and blew her to pieces. U.N. officers tracked the killers to the Jordan border.

We moved on to Schiff's house, where he told me his story: "My father and brother died in Auschwitz. My mother and I survived in Budapest because we forged identity cards that made us into Christians. My wife comes from Rumania. Her six brothers and sisters were also killed. We passed through many hardships, but now we have a cow, 250 chickens, a kerosene stove and seven acres, and two children. We have found our place . . . Nothing can move us from here."

Much of Israel is like Mishmar Ayalon—an armed frontier land where the settlers live in constant dread of a shot, a raid, a sudden grenade. The danger breathes down your neck as you drive to Jerusalem through a road cleft into a gorge, under the eyes and weapons of Jordanians perched on the hills. You feel it on the narrow-gauge railway that winds into the city alongside Jordan territory so close that sunflower seeds spat from the train windows fall onto Arab soil. Where Jordan bulges westward, the Israeli beachhead is barely eight miles wide. It takes less than 20 minutes to drive from Tel Aviv on the Mediterranean to the Jordan border.

This fact dominates Israel. "If we retire ten miles," said one Israeli general, "we're in the sea. If we move back 500 yards in Jerusalem, we give up our Knesset [the Parliament]. We must hold the border, yielding not an inch."

At Kfar Saba, a stone-and-stucco frontier outpost twelve miles from Tel Aviv, the border runs through tangled orange groves. Almost every night Arab infiltrators flit from tree to tree, and so across the border, to steal and destroy. Some of the intruders are harmless: they come to visit Arab relatives left on the Israeli side, or to steal a bag of oranges from groves that were once their own. But in the past month the settlers of Kfar Saba have lost six cows, seven mules, three horses and three donkeys.

The commander of Kfar Saba is a mild-looking young man named David Tryfus, 29, the son of a German physician. He is responsible for the ten-mile strip of border running north and south between the Arab towns of Qalqiliya and Tulkarm. At night he called his patrol to attention, and pointed to a map marked with red lines that showed the infiltrator routes. "We ambush here tonight," he said.

With Tryfus' patrol, I rode off in an armored halftrack, preceded by a jeep. The jeep's probing searchlight scanned the countryside. "Keep your heads down," said Tryfus as we approached a railroad bridge. Twice in the past year it had been mined. We waited for a train to pass, climbed aboard a gasoline-driven "handcar" and rolled down the track to inspect the railroad line. Suddenly, in the darkness, a pink flare leaped. We stopped and found a land mine, planted on the rails after the last train passed just a few minutes before.

The patrol unlimbered its Bren guns and disappeared into

science was his only reason for defecting. Presumably, his own boss in the MVD had been purged along with Beria, which might have provided a further reason. Then there was the still unanswered question of what would now happen—or had already happened—to his wife Yanina in Moscow. Khokhlov himself seemed to have a strange faith in what U.S. moral pressure might do to save her. "I came here," said Nikolai Khokhlov to the American reporters, "not merely to tell you of an assassination that didn't take place, but to appeal to the one remaining force capable of saving my wife—this woman who told me, 'Do not kill.'"

Could an agent of the Soviet MVD seriously believe that such force could be of help to her now? Whistler Khokhlov was whistling in the dark.

Cold Comfort

Somewhere in Australia last week, Mrs. Evdokia Petrov, another fugitive from the Russian secret police system, was at last reunited with her husband. But the reverberations of her dramatic, eleventh-hour escape from the agents of the MVD who tried to carry her back to Russia (TIME, April 26) echoed and re-echoed through the world. Mrs. Petrov, like the others of her kind who have defected in recent weeks, is no ordinary refugee from Communist tyranny.

Black Smoke. Ever since the execution last year of the MVD's pasty-faced boss, Lavrenty Beria, there have been reports of trouble within the MVD itself. The surrender to the West of an MVD agent, Yuri Rastvorov, in Japan last January,

the defection of Khokhlov in West Germany and of the Petrovs in Australia, are the known cases, often in Washington sources hint that there are others. Try as it may, Communist propaganda cannot mutter a simple "good riddance" at the defections of such people. They know too much. Evdokia Petrov was not just a spy's wife. As an expert code clerk in her husband's espionage apparatus in Australia's Russian embassy, she knew secrets.

From Moscow itself last week came a suggestion of panic. Three days after Mrs. Petrov was rescued from the Russians at Darwin, the Russian government abruptly severed diplomatic relations with Australia. In one breath, the Russians accused the Australians of "slander" for calling Petrov a spy, and in the next, demanded his immediate return as a swindler and

the night in the direction of the Jordan border. Soon the men came back with a prisoner. He was an Arab of medium height, and he tried to make himself smaller by pressing his hands against his belly. The Israelis searched him roughly, and one of them thrust the snout of a Tommy gun into his stomach. He made a noise like a wounded animal. Then Tryfus tried to thrust the land mine into the prisoner's hands. The Arab shrank back, and Tryfus laughed grimly. "He knows nothing," mimicked one of the policemen. "They never know anything . . . They steal and kill but when we capture them they are babies born yesterday."

By dawn we were back in Kfar Saba, sipping glasses of tea. Almost time for the watchman to go to sleep and for the rest of Israel to rise and work. But how long can the Israelis go on this way? In the years since the fighting was officially declared over, they have not dared to fill in their trenches or coil their barbed wire. The direct cost of the peacetime raids has been \$4,500,000, the indirect cost incalculable. Instead of bleeding to death in a thousand places, as her enemies hope she will, Israel is growing bellicose. Increasing numbers of Israelis see no chance of a permanent settlement unless their army wins it for them. Says a top Israeli general: "Only by making the Arabs realize that if they press hard they will be met with another Kibya can we deter them . . . We must adopt an aggressive posture."

From the Jordan side, TIME's Middle East Correspondent Keith Wheeler reported:

The Arabs feel the same way. One windy morning I drove to the Jordan village of Husan, which is less than a mile from the frontier. All of Husan's 1,200 inhabitants were gathered gravely, a little proudly, in the muddy village square. The Jews had attacked Husan the night before I arrived, and Husan's home guard had helped to give them a bloody nose. Now the whole village was assembled, waiting for the U.N. armistice team to piece together the Arab version of the attack.

A young lieutenant in the red and white headgear of Jordan's Arab Legion had charge of the evidence: a scattering of spent .30-caliber cartridges with Israeli markings; a demolition charge, an empty morphine syrette, several deposits of dried blood, and—out in a wheat field on the south side of the village—a crushed-down trail through the wheat where something heavy and inert, like a body, had been dragged away in the direction of the Israeli border. "We got this one with the Bren gun," the lieutenant said proudly. "It was about 10:45 p.m. when they came. My sentries heard them moving about in the rocks, so we opened fire . . ."

"They replied with so much fire so fast, and so many grenades, that at first I pulled back my men behind the village walls. Then the Arab Legion got here—they made it in 15 minutes. The Israelis pulled out some 45 minutes later. We heard one of them yell when he got hit . . ."

"Suppose they come back?" I asked the young lieutenant. "They'll be welcome," he snapped, staring westwards across

the demarcation line towards the squat Israeli barracks at Camp Oppen, less than a mile away. But the lieutenant's jaunty confidence was tinged with apprehension, for everyone in Husan knows that it takes almost no effort—only the desire—for the Jews to come again any night they choose. Next time Husan might not escape unscathed.

This knowledge, and the brooding conviction that the will to attack is mounting in Israel, has made Jordan's frontier villages especially pleased of late to be host to a small, urbane Englishman who is a man of distinction in this part of the world. He is Major General John Bagot Glubb, 57, the small, grey-haired commander of the Arab Legion, who is known across the desert as Abu Huneik (father of the small jaw) in tribute to the disfigurement he bears as the result of a World War I bullet wound in the face. Glubb Pasha's personal plane flies daily from Amman (pop. 200,000), the capital of Jordan, to Jerusalem, ostensibly to enable Abu Huneik to visit his aged mother, sick in her Jerusalem home. But Glubb is more often in the field than in Jerusalem. With his distinctive cavalcade (two jeeps and a tan staff car crammed with Arab Legionnaires) he bounces from village to village along the frontier, and everywhere he stops, an impromptu *majlis* (assembly) forms to discuss the defense of the border.

Abu Huneik knows how to talk to the Arabs. Though he often reads the lesson in the Anglican church at Amman, he still carries in his right hand the prayer beads which Moslems use to calm their nerves and count their petitions to Allah. Outsiders are not welcome at Abu Huneik's talks, but the word leaks out that what he is saying goes like this:

"The Jews mean to attack us. Geography shows that they have got to widen their waist by straightening out the bulge we make into Israel. They have got to shove Jordan back. And one way or another, they mean to do it."

Jordan's only military resource is Glubb's Arab Legion: 20,000 men. But against a growing Israeli army, whose officers hope will one day number 250,000 men, even Glubb admits that "we must have outside help." Where is the help to come from? Glubb seems to imply that the British army, about to evacuate Suez, might be pleased to reinforce Jordan, in return for base facilities. Many Jordanians agree. Seated on a golden throne in his white stone palace at Amman, 20-year-old King Hussein told me recently that military aid from Britain "is now under discussion, and we believe these contacts will produce good results."

The sad fact is that there are people on the Jordan side who still dream about renewing the war. Defeat and injury in 1948-49 left many Arabs with a sick and shamed desperation, and they see no hope of recovery except by force of arms. Both sides have their war parties, and if the border killings continue, the moderate men may break. You have only to watch the daily mounting tension to become gloomily convinced that sooner or later, one incident or another is going to touch off an explosion. No border built so largely on fear and hatred can be counted upon to produce peace.



MRS. PETROV & RUSSIAN ESCORTS AT SYDNEY
Spines crawled, chimneys belched.

embezzler. Unable to get back the documents delivered to Australia by Petrov, the departing staff at Canberra's Russian embassy spent their last hours getting rid of other information that might prove valuable to the West. Black smoke belched from the embassy chimneys as files went into fireplaces, and on the embassy lawn a Russian stood guard with a hose over a bonfire, not hesitating to turn a full stream of water into the face of any snoopers peering through the hedge. In Moscow the Russians held up the departure of the Australian embassy staff, after first ordering them out of the country within three days.

Topical Knowledge. In Washington, the spines of those who once rubbed shoulders in the diplomatic corps with former Russian Ambassador Alexander Panyushkin crawled slightly at the news that he was now the efficient chief of MVD's assassination department. To Washingtonians who had found the ambassador's stilted conversation pedestrian to the point of boredom, it was cold comfort to realize that they had merely seized on topics that failed to interest him. On the right subject, apparently, Panyushkin could be fascinating. "He is a clever and attractive person," said ex-MVDman Khokhlov in Bonn last week, "and he knows how to explain to you the right way to kill a man with poison bullets."

GREAT BRITAIN

When in England

To the average Briton, a U.S. soldier off duty is often a pretty overwhelming sight. Lounging on a street corner in blue jeans and a garishly patterned leather windbreaker, the hairs on his chest peeping slyly out of the deep cleavage of an open-necked sport shirt, the out-of-uniform G.I. is an equally distressing

sight to more soldierly U.S. noncoms.

Last week, as part of a general effort "to improve relations between us and the British," Colonel G. F. McGuire, deputy commander of the Britain-based U.S. Third Air Force, ordered airmen of his command to modify their off-duty garb "in accordance with local custom." The only exception: attendance at such all-American affairs as ball games. There, zoot suits, Harry Truman shirts and other native costumes may still be worn without penalty.

Those Lovable Communists

Harry Pollitt, the thick-jowled boss of Britain's Communist Party, might be pleased with Communist triumphs elsewhere, but he was worried about the party's declining membership in Britain. Admonishing the 650 delegates to the British party's 23rd national congress, Pollitt said last week: "It is high time that we stopped creating the impression that does so much to frighten other people from joining the party, that we are some kind of human beings who never eat, sleep, play, dream or even make love."

Who Follows the Whirlwind?

A police summons was issued for Aneurin Bevan, charging him with dangerous driving and failure to stop after an accident. The accident, near London, was a minor affair, but it was not the only charge of recklessness made last week against Nye Bevan.

Commentators and columnists, Conservative or Socialist, everywhere condemned the manner, and frequently the matter, in Bevan's abrupt split with Labor Party Leader Clement Attlee (TIME, April 26) over approval of German rearmament and of U.S. leadership in world politics. Admitted the leftist *New Statesman & Nation*: "By this impulsive gesture, Mr.

Bevan has postponed—possibly forever his own chances of succeeding to the Socialist leadership." "It is the future existence of the party itself which is at stake," said the *Times* in alarm. If Bevan could swing the party to support "a British neutralism" between the U.S. and Russia, "the leadership would be his reward," noted the *Manchester Guardian*, "but there is nothing more improbable in politics than that Mr. Bevan will succeed." Bitterest of all was the Laborite tabloid *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,500,000): "Again he has shown that the greatest blunder the party could make would be to elect him leader . . . For who can follow a whirlwind? How can a man who does not give loyalty expect to command loyalty from others?"

But there was also evidence that Nye had struck a popular chord among the millions of Britons who fear Germany, resent the U.S. and think that the Communists would behave better if not antagonized. Nye's opposition to German rearmament was supported 2 to 1 by the convention of the Cooperative Party, which controls 18 Labor seats in Parliament, by delegates of Britain's sixth largest union, and by the Labor Party of Northern Ireland in convention.

Many such voters would follow Nye Bevan on no other issue. But Bevan was quite happy to claim them all. Politically, his driving might be dangerous, but it was no accident.

Errand of Mercy

The fear of fire in the nursery had long haunted Freda Holland, 41, a night nurse at Reading's Dellwood Maternity Home, 36 miles west of London. Early on Easter Sunday, it rose to grip her heart in panic as she opened the door behind which lay her newest charges: 15 babies, none more than nine days old. The room beyond was filled with smoke; flames licked through the floor amid the cribs, and one baby's bedding was already taking fire. Sister Holland screamed for help and rushed into the ward. Another nurse came to help, but they were both too late to save little Christopher Boulton, aged six hours, who lay in the smoldering bed. He died in Nurse Holland's arms as she carried him from the room.

Trying to beat down the flames with her nurse's cap, Sister Holland went on to pluck the other babies from their cribs, one by one, and hand them to Sister Margaret Thomas at the door. When the last of the 14 was rescued, she collapsed. She was taken to Battle Hospital near by, where she lay in a coma while doctors did their best to graft new skin on her severely burned arms and face, and baskets of flowers from grateful parents were carried in. That night, in the same hospital, two of the rescued babies died from smoke poisoning. Two others died in Dellwood. Next day, despite desperate treatment with oxygen and penicillin, four more of the babies died. One by one, as the hours wore by and mothers prayed and doctors worked, the other victims of